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DESPERADO DESPERADO DESPERADO

Illustrations

THE
FIGHT FOR LAW
AND ORDER
IN THE
WILD
WEST

ALL
TRUE
WILD WEST
ILLUSTORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER · CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

YOUR DAY WILL
COME, BOWLER, AND
RIGHT SOON! THERE'LL
BE MORE LAWMEN
WHERE I COME FROM—
ENOUGH TO FLOOD
YOU AND YOUR
KIND OVER
FOREVER!

I'M GONNA BE JURY, JUDGE AND EXECUTIONER,
ALL IN ONE! I HATE TIME WASTIN', SO I'LL GIVE
YOUR CASE TO THE JURY RIGHT AWAY! **HEADS**
YOU CROAK, AN' **TAILS** YOU CROAK! HMM...I
WONDER WHAT THE VERDICT WILL BE?

CHARLES
BIRO



A
FULL-SIZE
52 page
MAG!

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plete outfit. Take ad-
vantage of this sensa-
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OBEY THE LAW

A
TRUE
WILD WEST
STORY

JOE BOWLER

THE ANSWER TO HOW MUCH ABUSE A
TOWN OF LAWFUL CITIZENS COULD
TAKE IS TOLD IN THE CRIMSON
HISTORY OF THIS DESPERADO!

JOE
BOWLER
HANGED
JUNE
1880

ATTENTION!
DESPERADOES, RUSTLERS,
TINHORNES AND JOE BOWLER
SHARPERS! HERE HANGS THE
LAST OUTLAW IN SOCORRO!
THINK TWICE BEFORE
ENTERING SOCORRO! THERE'S
MORE ROOM ON THE LIMB
FOR YOU!

THERE WASN'T A
STITCH OF CLOTHING ON
JOE BOWLER THAT HE DIDN'T
STEAL, SO THEY LEFT HIM HANGING
IN HIS SOCKS AND UNDERWEAR
FOR DECENCY'S SAKE! EVEN THE
GOLD IN HIS TEETH BELONGED TO
MEN HE'D MURDERED FOR THE FILLINGS!
THE ONLY THING JOE COULD CALL HIS
OWN WAS HIS SOUL, AND THAT WAS
STRANDED OUT OF HIS BODY BY DUE
PROCESS OF THE LAW, IN JUNE 1880!
AND THE THIEVING ALL BEGAN WITH
ME—THE GAUDIEST PAIR OF RIDING
DOGS' NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE!
I CAN REMEMBER EVERYTHING
THAT HAPPENED AS
CLEAR AS DAY!

IF THEY
GOT JOE
BOWLER,
THEY'LL
STRING US
UP TOO, FOR
SURE!

A GUY
CAN'T EARN
A DISHONEST
BUCKY NO MORE!
NO, SIR!

"I'M PUTTIN'
DISTANCE
BETWEEN THIS
TOWN AN' MYSELF!
SOCORRO AIN'T
NO HEALTHY
PLACE FOR A
FAST DOLLAR,
NO MORE!"

IN
CONSIDERATION
OF INNOCENT
PEOPLE INVOLVED
AND RELATIVES OF
OTHERS THE NAMES
OF SOME CHARACTERS
DEPICTED IN THIS
TRUE MAGAZINE
ARE FICTITIOUS.
the editors.

ART
BY
KIDA

OBEY THE LAW



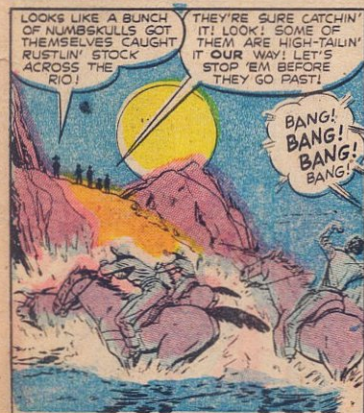
OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



THE NERVE OF THAT SKUNK! HE KILLS SHERIFF BALLENGER, AND NOW HE PASSES THE HAT AROUND FOR THE BALLENGER WIDOW, LIKE THE DEATH OF A HUMAN BEING MEANT SOMETHING TO HIM!

EMPTY YOUR PURSE IN THAT HAT! AIN'T YA GOT NO SYMPATHY FOR THE DEAD MAN'S FAMILY?

NAW! THESE SOCORRO LIES! THEY ONLY THINK OF THEMSELVES! I ALWAYS GOT TO KEEP TEACHIN' 'EM MANNERS! NO BREEDIN'-THAT'S THEIR TROUBLE!

HERE YA ARE, MRS. BALLENGER-MORE MONEY THAN YOUR DUMB HUSBAND MADE IN A LIFETIME OF BADGE-WEARIN'. MAKE YOUR NEXT MAN A FAST-SHOOTIN' MAN LIKE ME, WHO LIVES LONGER! HEY-OWW...

YOU DIRTY SIMPERING SNAKE! IF YOU HAD A GUN, I'D KILL YOU!

COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU AIN'T NO BETTER! BALLENGER WAS I DON'T CARE IF YOU AN' HIS WANNABE BRATS CROAK FOR A CRUST OF BREAD! GET THE BLAZES OUT OF TOWN BY NOON, OR SO HELP ME, YOU AND YOUR FUNNY-LOOKIN' WHELPS 'LL STAY HERE, WITH BALLENGER IN THE SAME GRAVE!

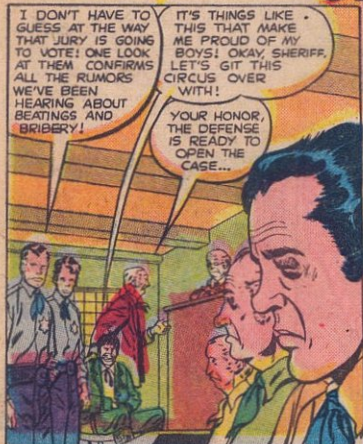
SURE, BUT TRY AN' FIND THAT SHERIFF! THEY'LL GO TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, BUT NOT TO SOCORRO! THIS TOWN'S GRAVEYARD OF SHERIFFS AN' THEY KNOW IT!



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



I DON'T HAVE TO GUESS AT THE WAY THAT JURY IS GOING TO VOTE! ONE LOOK AT THEM CONFIRMS ALL THE RUMORS WE'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT BEATINGS AND BRIBERY!

IT'S THINGS LIKE THIS THAT MAKE ME PROUD OF MY BOYS! OKAY, SHERIFF, LET'S GIT THIS CIRCUIS OVER WITH!

YOUR HONOR, THE DEFENSE IS READY TO OPEN THE CASE...



WHAT'S THE USE OF BALLOTING? WE ALL KNOW HOW WE'RE SUPPOSED TO VOTE!

IF ONLY WE COULD BE SURE BOWLER'S GANG WOULDN'T KILL US IF WE VOTED HONESTLY!



YOUR HONOR, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD ACCEPT A VERDICT FROM THIS JURY BECAUSE IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THEY HAVE BEEN INTIMIDATED AND THEY CANNOT POSSIBLY REACH A JUST VERDICT! I MOVE THAT THIS JURY BE DISCHARGED AND JOE BOWLER BE TRIED IN EL PASO!



I AGREE WITH YOU, SHERIFF! I DISCHARGE THE JURY! TAKE THE PRISONER TO EL PASO!

WE'VE GOT SOMETHIN' TO SAY ABOUT THAT, AN' WE'RE BACKIN' IT WITH HOT LEAD!

WHAT'RE YOU WAITIN' FOR? LET THE BLUE NOSES HAVE IT!



IF YOU DO, IT WON'T BE ANY GIZZARD THAT'LL BURN!

D-DON'T SHOOT, YOU GUYS! YOU'LL HIT ME!



YA GOT TWO OF 'EM, SAM!

TOO BAD THE COYOTES RUN SO FAST! AS I WAS SHOOTING I'M TAKING BOWLER INTO EL PASO FOR AN HONEST JURY!

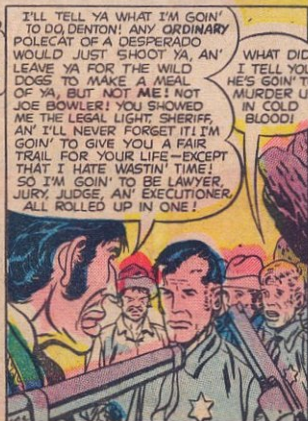
TELL THE MOB TO INTERCEPT US OUTSIDE YSLETA! WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH DENTON, NOT EVEN A STARVIN' BUZZARD'LL LOOK TWICE AT HIS CARCASS!



DENTON WAS PREPARED FOR TROUBLE, BUT NOT AS MUCH TROUBLE AS HE GOT! BOWLER'S MOB WAS SWOLLEN WITH EVERY LOUSE ON TWO FEET WHO COULD BE BOUGHT UP WITH A DRINK OR A PIECE OF GOLD! QUANTITY—NOT QUALITY—WON OUT IN THE UNEVEN BATTLE OF THE YSLETA AMBUSH...

HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE GIVE UP!

YOU'RE WRONG, DENTON—IT'D BE BETTER FOR US TO FIGHT IT OUT TO THE END! YOU CAN'T EXPECT HUMAN TREATMENT FROM BOWLER!



I'LL TELL YA WHAT I'M GOIN' TO DO, DENTON! ANY ORDINARY POLICEMAN OF A DESPERADO WOULD JUST SHOOT YA, AN' LEAVE YA FOR THE WILD DOGS TO MAKE A MEAL OF YA, BUT NOT ME! NOT JOE BOWLER! YOU SHOWED ME THE LEGAL LIGHT, SHERIFF, AN' I'LL NEVER FORGET IT! I'M GOIN' TO GIVE YOU A FAIR TRAIL FOR YOUR LIFE—EXCEPT THAT I HATE WASTIN' TIME! SO I'M GOIN' TO BE LAWYER, JURY, JUDGE, AN' EXECUTIONER, ALL ROLLED UP IN ONE!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU? HE'S GOIN' TO MURDER US IN COLD BLOOD!



HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? THE TRIAL AIN'T EVEN BEGUN YET! NOW LET'S SEE—I HATE PALAVERIN', SO WE'LL GIVE THE CASE TO THE JURY RIGHT AWAY! HEADS, YOU CROAK, AN' TAILS YOU CROAK... HMM... I WONDER WHAT THE VERDICT'LL BE?

OBEY THE LAW



IT'S HEADS!
YOU GET
STRUNG
UP!

YOU'RE NOT TRUE
TO YOUR TYPE,
BOWLER! YOU CAN'T
MAKE A NICKEL
OUT OF HANGING
US! YOU'RE KILLING
WITHOUT GAIN!

I'M LIKE YOU,
SHERIFF! I AIN'T
INTERESTED IN
GAIN—ONLY
INTERESTED IN
JUSTICE! SAY,
SID, ARE DENTON'S
BOOTS NICER
THAN MINE?

NAW, BOSS—
THEY'RE ONLY
GOOD ENOUGH
FOR A DUMB
SHERIFF! I'M
TAKIN' 'EM
OFF, SO
DENTON!
DON'T GET
TOO FEEL HE
DIED WITH
'EM ON!

YOUR DAY WILL
COME, BOWLER,
AND RIGHT
SOON! THERE'LL
BE MORE
LAWFUL MEN
WHERE I CAME
FROM, ENOUGH TO
FLOOD YOU AND
YOUR KIND OVER,
YOU MANGY
DOG!

WHERE
TO NOW,
BOSS?
SOKORRO
WILL BE
TOO HOT
ONCE THEY
FIND
DENTON!

I WAS THINKE'N' OF
HEADIN' FOR SANTE FE
AN' THE SOUTHWEST! AIN'T
BEEN THERE FOR YEARS!
SANTE FE USED TO BE
MY OLD STAMPING
GROUNDS! I FIGGER WE
CAN DO PLENTY OF
BUSINESS ON THE WAY
WEST! THEY OUGHT TO
KNOW THE GOOD NAME OF
JOE BOWLER AN'
COMPANY BY NOW!



ONLY A DEVIL COULD OUTDO WHAT
JOE BOWLER DID! HOMES AND STORES,
TRAINS, STAGES, CAMPS, AND BANKS,
FROM TEXAS TO CALIFORNIA ALL
KNEW OF JOE BOWLER'S BUSINESS
METHODS, FIRST HAND!

YOU'VE GOT
EVERYTHING YOU
WANTED! W-WHY
CAN'T YOU
LEAVE 'EM IN
PEACE?

BUT I WILL MA'AM!
IN FACT, I'M SEEIN'
TO IT THAT YOU
ALL REST IN PEACE!
LINE 'EM UP
AGAINST THE
WALL, SID!



LOADED WITH FILTHY LUCRE,
THE BOWLER MOB FINALLY CAME
INTO THE SANTA FE MONTE
HOUSE, BENT ON TURNIN' EASY
MONEY INTO EASIER MONEY, BUT
SINCE THE MONTE HOUSE HAD
THE SAME IDEA, BOWLER'S
GREED WAS POWERLESS
AGAINST THEIR RIGGED
MACHINES AND DIDN'T
HE KNOW IT!

WITH THESE
FIXED WHEELS,
IT'S LIKE THROWIN' GOLD IN THE
OCEAN, EXCEPT THAT I'M GETTIN'
EVERY CENT OF IT BACK! KEEP
YOUR EYE ON ME, SID, AN'
DO WHAT I DO!



THE BOYS BETTER
LOOSEN THEIR RODS
IN THEIR HOLSTERS,
BARTON! THAT
BOWLER MOB DON'T
LIKE LOSIN'! THEY'RE
GETTIN' THAT SHIFTY
LOOK WHILE
PLACIN' THEIR
BETS!

THEY'LL LOSE
MORE'N
THEIR BETS
IF THEY MAKE
TROUBLE! I'LL
TELL THE BOYS
TO SPREAD
OUT, MR.
SIMMONS!



OKAY—THE PARTY'S
OVER! LINE UP
WITH YOUR FISH-
HOOKS HIGH! NO
RIGGED MACHINE
IS GOIN' TO MAKE
A SUCKER OUT
OF ME!

BOWLER! PUT THAT
GUN AWAY! YOU AN'
YOUR COYOTES ARE
JUST SITTIN' DUCKS
FROM WHERE WE
STAND! YOU AIN'T GOT
A CHANCE FOR ANY-
THING BUT A SLUG
IN THE HEAD!

YA BETTER
LISTEN TO
HIM, BOSS!
THEY'RE
ALL
AROUND
US!



LET 'EM TRY AN'
HIT THIS SITTIN'
DUCK! GO AHEAD
YOU POLECATS!
BLAST 'EM!

ALL RIGHT,
MEN! GIVE
BOWLER A
GOOD LOOK
AT THE
NEXT
WORLD!



LOOK AROUND, BOWLER!
NOW TELL US WHETHER
YOU'LL WANT
TO FIGHT!

N..NO!
HOLD IT!
WE'RE
THROUGH!
YOU GOT
US!

OBEDY THE LAW

LET US GET OUT, SIMMONS! WE WON'T BOTHER YOU NONE! THAT'S A PROMISE!

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH YOUR PROMISES, BOWLER! I PUT MY TRUST IN MY BOYS AN' THEIR SIXERS! DON'T COME FOKIN' YOUR NOSE THROUGH MY DOOR AGAIN, OR YOU'LL GET IT BLOWN OFF YOUR UGLY FACE! NOW, VAMOOSE—AN' TAKE YOUR DIRTY PIGS OUT WITH YOU!



THAT LAST CRACK ABOUT MY UGLY FACE IS GONNA HAUNT SIMMONS TO HIS GRAVE!

AIN'T THERE SOME TNT IN EVERY ROUNDHOUSE REPAIR SHOP?

SURE! THEY USE THE TNT FOR BLASTIN' OUT NEW ROAD BEDS THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS! WHY?

AN IDEA JUST TICKLED MY NOGGIN! LET'S GET SOME OF THAT TNT!



YA SURE THERE AIN'T NOBODY ELSE AROUND, JOE?

SURE, I'M SURE! SHUT UP AN' LISTEN! WE'RE GOIN' TO DIG TUNNELS UNDER SIMMONS' MONTE HOUSE, AN' WE'RE GOIN' TO PLANT THIS STUFF RIGHT UNDER HIS CROOKED WHEELS! HERE, TIE THESE STICKS TO YOUR SADDLE!



WHEN BOWLER HAD MURDER ON HIS MIND, HE COULD WILLINGLY SPEND YEARS WORKING ITS WEIGHT OFF! HE AND HIS MURDEROUS MOLES TUNNELED FOR DAYS, UNTIL THERE WERE SO CLOSE UNDER THE MONTE HOUSE FLOORBOARDS THAT EVERY CREAK AND PIECE OF FALLING SILVER COULD BE HEARD, AS THEY CONNECTED THE FINAL FUSES!

THEY'LL SCRAPE SIMMONS OFF THE CEILING WHEN THIS GOES OFF! IT'S A WONDER THEY DON'T HEAR US!

SIMMONS IS TOO BUSY LISTENIN' TO THE CLINK OF MONEY TO HEAR ANYTHIN'!



THEN IT HAPPENED! IT WAS A HOT NIGHT IN APRIL, 1880, AS A MOB OF DESPERATE CRIMINALS GALLOPED OUT ALONG SANTIAGO'S MAIN STREET...

I SAY SIMMONS WAS TESTIN' A LEAD NICKEL WITH HIS TEETH WHEN SHE BLEW!

AN' I'M HOPIN' HE WAS HOLDIN' HIS FIRST ROYAL FLUSH!



NOW BACK TO SOCORRO! WE AIN'T WIPED OUR FEET ON THAT BURG FOR TOO LONG! PEOPLE WILL BE FORGETTIN' ABOUT US!

YOU GOT WAYS OF MAKIN' 'EM REMEMBER, JOE! I CAN SEE GOOD OL' SOCORRO NOW! EVERYBODY SLEEPIN' AN' NOBODY KNOWN OF THE PLEASURE THAT'S HEADED THEIR WAY!



BUT SOCORRO WAS TO REMEMBER FOR YEARS, AND REMEMBER WITH TEARS! BOWLER CELEBRATED HIS RETURN BY RUNNING 10,000 HEAD OF RUSTLED CATTLE OVER THE CLIFFS IN A STAMPEDE OF DEATH!

FOLKS CAN'T SAY YOU'VE GONE BACK TO RUSTLIN' AGAIN, JOE! YOU CAN'T HELP IT IF CATTLE CAN'T STAND THE SOUNDS OF SHOOTIN' OR THE SIGHT OF TORCHES!

SURE, AN' IS IT OUR FAULT, IF THEIR BARN'S AN' HOUSES CATCH FIRE FROM CRASHIN' OIL LAMPS!



OURS AIN'T THE ONLY RANCH, JEB! THE WHOLE COUNTRY'S BURNIN' WITH THE MADNESS OF THAT HOUND, BOWLER!

THAT'S NO COMFORT, DAD! WE TRIED RUNNIN' BOWLER OUT ONCE, AND FAILED! WE MUST MAKE SURE BOWLER NEVER COMES BACK AGAIN! WE MUST SEE HIM HANGED AND BURIED WITH OUR OWN EYES RIGHT HERE IN SOCORRO! I'M READY TO START RIGHT NOW!

BUT DON'T TALK OF IT IN TOWN! THOSE LOCO LICE MIGHT GET WIND OF OUR IDEAS AN' WE'LL NEVER LIVE TO SEE SOCORRO FREED OF THAT DEVIL!



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

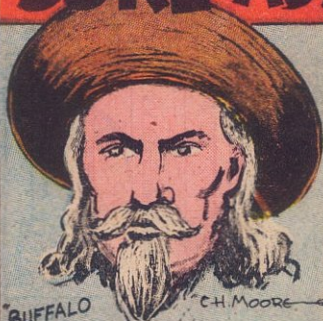


The END

OBEDIENT THE LAW

SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by
CLAUDE
MOORE



"BUFFALO
BILL"
CODY — AN EXPERT MARKSMAN,
CH. MOORE

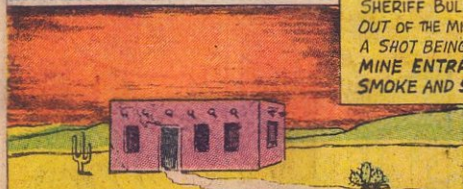
WAS A CONSTANT WORRY TO HIS WIFE
— HE WOULD TARGET PRACTICE BY
SHOOTING COINS FROM THE HANDS
OF THEIR BABY BOY!



IN THE
MINERS'

SIT DOWN STRIKE IN 1877.

IN HIDDEN TREASURE GULCH GOLD MINE (DAKOTA TERRITORY)
THE MINERS HAD A WAGE DISPUTE WITH THE OWNER AND
DECIDED TO MOVE INTO THE MINE UNTIL THEIR DEMANDS
WERE MET! THEY WERE HEAVILY ARMED AND HAD ENOUGH
FOOD AND BEDDING TO STAY THERE FOR A LONG TIME!
SHERIFF BULLOCK WAS CALLED BY THE OWNER TO GET THE MEN
OUT OF THE MINE — WHICH HE DID SINGLE HANDED AND WITHOUT
A SHOT BEING FIRED — HE STARTED A BONFIRE AT THE
MINE ENTRANCE AND THREW ASAFETIDA INTO IT — THE
SMOKE AND SMELL SOON BROUGHT THE MEN OUT!



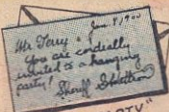
JACK SMYTHE — SPENT MOST OF HIS LIFE PROSPECTING
FOR GOLD, BUT HE HAD BAD LUCK AND FINALLY GAVE UP!
HE BUILT A MUD HUT FROM CLAY TAKEN FROM AN ABANDONED
GOLD MINE AND LIVED IN IT IN POVERTY UNTIL HE DIED!
LATER HIS HUT CRUMBLLED AND FELL AND IN THE CLAY WAS
FOUND HIGH GRADE GOLD ORE! SMYTHE HAD LIVED

IN POVERTY IN A
HUT MADE OF GOLD,
BUT HE NEVER KNEW IT!

"SHORTY"

A DWARF
BULL-WALKER,

ALWAYS
CLAIMED
THAT HE
WAS ONCE
A VERY
TALL MAN
AND THAT
HIS LEGS
WORE DOWN
FROM WALKING
SO MUCH!



"NECKTIE PARTY"
INVITATION!

SHERIFF FRANK WATTON
OF HOLBROOK, ARIZONA
SENT FORMAL INVITATIONS
TO HIS FRIENDS TO THE
HANGING OF A MURDERER
GEORGE SMILEY!
January 8, 1900



SAM DRATON,
of Deadwood.

WAS FREED OF A MURDER CHARGE
BECAUSE THE MAN HE WAS ACCUSED
OF KILLING HAD BEEN DEAD FOR
ELEVEN YEARS!

OBEDY THE LAW



SHERIFF TED TUCKER

HIS COURAGEOUS BATTLE AGAINST DESPERADOES HELPED BRING LAW AND ORDER TO ARIZONA!

WYATT EARP, WILD BILL HICKOCK, BAT MASTERSON, PAT GARRETT AND A HOST OF OTHER SHERIFFS HELPED CARVE A CIVILIZATION OUT OF THE LAWLESSNESS AND VIOLENCE OF THE 1880'S! THESE MEN WERE FEARLESS FIGHTERS, WHOSE CURT WARNING TO LAWBREAKERS WAS, 'GET OUT OF TOWN, OR DIE!' THEY HELPED POPULATE THE BOOT HILLS OF THE WEST WITH THE SCUM OF THE DESERTS! TO THIS LIST ADD TED TUCKER, ANOTHER HONEST, STRAIGHT-SHOOTING LAWMAN OF THE OLD WEST!



HOLD IT, BOYS! BREAK IT UP AND GO BACK TO YOUR WORK! DUSTY RHODES IS MY PRISONER AND HE'S GOING TO GET A FAIR TRIAL! I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO TRIES TO FORCE HIS WAY IN!

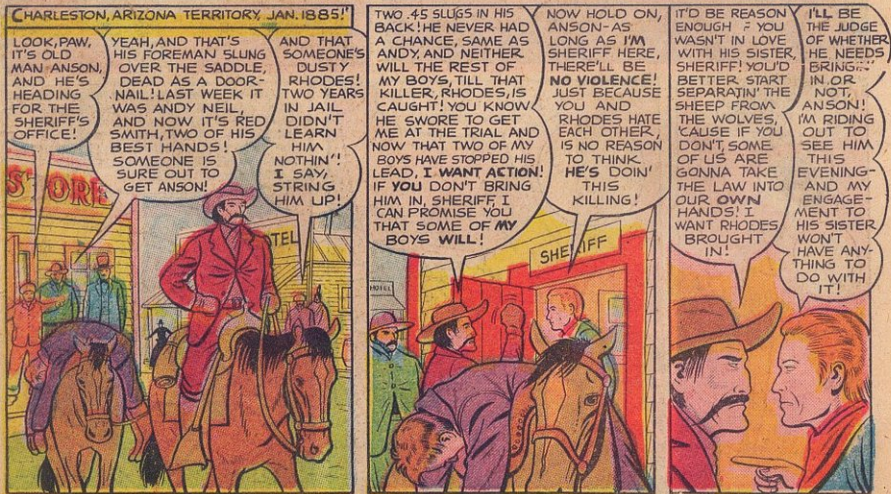
OUTTA THE WAY TUCKER, WE WANT RHODES!

SMASH IN THE DOORS!

LET'S STRING THE DIRTY VARMINT TO A TELEGRAPH POLE!

TUCKER'S BLUFFIN'- HE WON'T DARE SHOOT!

WHAT'S HOLDIN' YA UP IN FRONT? C'MON, LET'S RUSH HIM!



CHARLESTON, ARIZONA TERRITORY JAN. 1885!

LOOK, PAW, IT'S OLD MAN ANSON, AND HE'S HEADING FOR THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

YEAH, AND THAT'S HIS FOREMAN SLUNG OVER THE SADDLE, DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL! LAST WEEK IT WAS ANDY NEIL, AND NOW IT'S RED SMITH, TWO OF HIS BEST HANDS! SOMEONE IS SURE OUT TO GET ANSON!

AND THAT SOMEONE'S DUSTY RHODES! TWO YEARS IN JAIL DIDN'T LEARN HIM NOthin'! I SAY, STRING HIM UP!

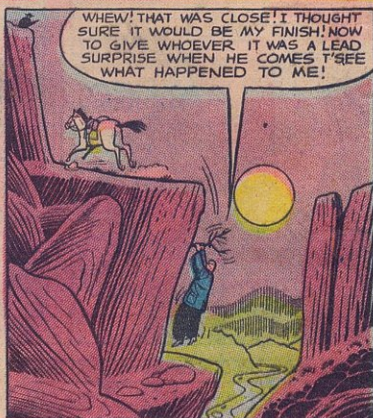
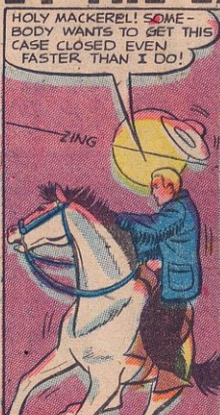
TWO .45 SLUGS IN HIS BACK! HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE, SAME AS ANDY, AND NEITHER WILL THE REST OF MY BOYS, TILL THAT KILLER, RHODES, IS CAUGHT! YOU KNOW HE SWORE TO GET ME AT THE TRIAL AND NOW THAT TWO OF MY BOYS HAVE STOPPED HIS LEAD, I WANT ACTION! IF YOU DON'T BRING HIM IN, SHERIFF I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT SOME OF MY BOYS WILL!

NOW HOLD ON, ANSON- AS LONG AS I'M SHERIFF HERE, THERE'LL BE NO VIOLENCE! JUST BECAUSE YOU AND RHODES HATE EACH OTHER, IS NO REASON OF US ARE HE'S DOIN' THIS KILLING!

IT'D BE REASON ENOUGH IF YOU WASN'T IN LOVE WITH HIS SISTER, SHERIFF! YOU'D BETTER START SEPARATIN' THE SHEEP FROM THE WOLVES, 'CAUSE IF YOU DON'T, SOME OF US ARE GONNA TAKE THE LAW INTO OUR OWN HANDS! I WANT RHODES BROUGHT IN!

I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF WHETHER HE NEEDS BRINGIN' IN OR NOT, ANSON! I'M RIDING OUT TO SEE HIM, THIS EVENING- AND MY ENGAGEMENT TO HIS SISTER WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!

OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDIENT THE LAW

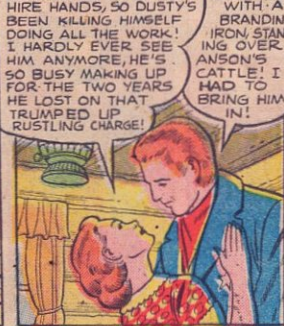
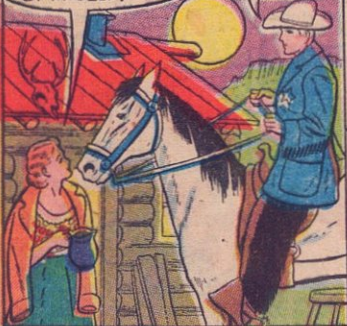
TED, DARLING! I'M SO GLAD YOU DROPPED BY TONIGHT! DUSTY'S BEEN GONE ALL DAY AND I'VE BEEN SO LONELY HERE ALL BY MYSELF!

DUSTY'S NOT HERE? DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE WENT, NORA?

HE WENT OUT BRANDING AND LOOKING FOR STRAYS— YOU KNOW HOW HARD HE'S BEEN WORKING SINCE HE CAME HOME! WE HAVE NO MONEY TO HIRE HANDS, SO DUSTY'S BEEN KILLING HIMSELF DOING ALL THE WORK! I HARDLY EVER SEE HIM ANYMORE, HE'S SO BUSY MAKING UP FOR THE TWO YEARS HE LOST ON THAT TRUMPED UP RUSTLING CHARGE!

NORA, DO YOU STILL HOLD THAT AGAINST ME? HE WAS CAUGHT WITH A BRANDING IRON, STANDING OVER ANSON'S BATTLE. I HAD TO BRING HIM IN!

THAT'S WHAT ANSON SAID— BUT DUSTY NEVER TOLD YOU ABOUT OUR CATTLE THAT WERE STOLEN! WE'VE BEEN LOSING THEM ALL ALONG— SOME ONE WANTS US OUT OF HERE, TED, AND YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US! LISTEN... THAT'S DUSTY COMING NOW!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T ARIZONA'S GIFT TO THE RHODES FAMILY— SHERIFF TED TUCKER! IS THIS A SOCIAL CALL, OR DID YOU COME TO ARREST ME FOR RUSTLIN' AGAIN?

DUSTY! NEVER MIND, NORA!

THAT ALL DEPENDS, DUSTY!

IT DEPENDS ON WHETHER THAT'S A BULLET WOUND IN YOUR ARM OR NOT! SOMEONE TOOK POT SHOTS AT ME AND I WINGED HIM! IT COULD HAVE BEEN YOU!

I SUPPOSE THAT PROVES I DID IT? SURE, THIS IS A BULLET WOUND! I SURPRISED A RUSTLER ON THE SOUTH RANGE TODAY AND HE CLIPPED ME! CAN YOU PROVE OTHERWISE?



PROVING IS THE COURT'S JOB— FINDING IS MINE! DUSTY, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER, AND ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU! GET YOUR COAT AND COME ALONG!

TED, YOU CAN'T MEAN IT! DUSTY WOULDN'T TRY TO KILL YOU— HE JUST COULDN'T!

I'VE TRIED TO THINK SO— I'VE LEANED OVER BACKWARDS TO GIVE THE KID EVERY BREAK, BUT THE EVIDENCE IS TOO CONVINCIN'! IF I DIDN'T BRING HIM IN NOW, AFTER EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED, I WOULDN'T BE DOING MY DUTY, NORA! YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU?

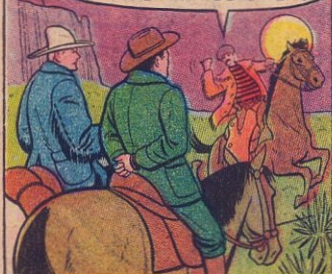
I ONLY UNDERSTAND THAT YOU'RE TAKING MY OWN BROTHER, IN, AND HE'S INNOCENT! TED, IF HE GOES, WE'RE THROUGH! THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYTHING LEFT!



GIDDAP!

OBEDY THE LAW

TOM! WHAT'S UP?
SHERIFF ANSON'S BEEN WARMIN' UP A NECKTIE PARTY! HE CAME BACK ABOUT AN HOUR AGO WITH A SLUG IN HIS SHOULDER! HE SAID HE WAS AMBUSHED BY RHODES AND IT WAS ABOUT TIME SOMEBODY HUNG HIM! THEY'RE ONLY ABOUT A MILE BACK NOW—MORE THAN 50 OF EM!



THERE THEY COME NOW! TUCKER, I'M INNOCENT—IF THEY GET ME, MY BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS!



THEN GET MOVIN'—WE'LL LEAD 'EM THROUGH BOX CANYON AND BEAT THE MOB BACK TO TOWN!



IF WE GET INSIDE, MAYBE WE CAN STAND 'EM OFF!



YOU MEAN JUST THE TWO OF US, TED? THAT MOB WANTS A HANGIN'! IT'LL BE SUICIDE TO TRY T'STOP 'EM!



TOM, YOU GRAB ALL THE RIFLES YOU CAN, LOAD 'EM AND BARRICADE THE DOOR AND COVER ME THROUGH THE WINDOW—IF THE MAD FOOLS BREAK IN, GIVE RHODES A GUN, SO HE CAN DEFEND HIMSELF! I'LL TRY TO STOP THEM FROM OUT HERE.



BUT, SHERIFF, WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST ALL OF THEM—BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS!



HOLD ON, BOYS! DON'T MAKE ANY FOOLISH MOVE! IF HE'S GUILTY, THE LAW WILL SETTLE IT LEGAL LIKE!



NEVER MIND THAT TALK! WHERE'E YA GOT THAT MURDERIN' RAT HID?



YEAH—WE AIM T'TEACH THAT COYOTE HIS LESSON THIS TIME! HE GOT OFF EASY BEFORE!



HE'S IN MY OFFICE AND HE'S GOIN' TO STAY IN THERE! HE'S MY PRISONER NOW AND YOU FELLAS AREN'T GOING TO GET HIM!



GET OUTTA THE WAY, OR YOU'LL GET IT, TOO!



YOU BOYS BETTER DISPERSE! GO ON HOME! GO BACK TO YOUR WORK! I'M HERE TO TAKE CARE OF THIS PRISONER AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GONNA DO!



IS THAT SO? C'MON, LET'S SHOW HIM, BOYS!



STRING THE VARMINT TO A TELEGRAPH POLE!



I'M WARNIN' YOU AGAIN—DON'T MAKE A FALSE MOVE, OR I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO TRIES TO FORCE HIS WAY IN!



HE'S BLUFFIN', BOYS! LET'S CALL HIS BUFF!



YEAH—GO ON! WHAT'S HOLDIN' YA UP IN FRONT? KILL THE SHERIFF AND THEN WE'LL GET RHODES!



OBEY THE LAW

GO AHEAD, KILL ME! IT OUGHT TO BE EASY, BUT I'LL DO A LITTLE KILLIN' MYSELF! YOU CAN GET ME, BUT THESE TWO BARRELS FULL OF BUCKSHOT SAY I'LL TAKE A FEW OF YOU ALONG WITH ME!

WE CAN KILL HIM! WE CAN'T MISS! IT'LL ONLY TAKE ONE SHOT!

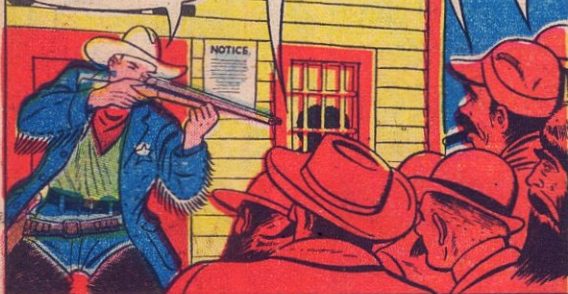
..BUT A DOUBLE CHARGE OF BUCKSHOT AT THIS RANGE MIGHT GET A HALF DOZEN OF US!

IT'S SURE DEATH!

WELL- WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?

THERE'S NO SENSE GETTING KILLED FOR STRING-ING UP THAT RAT! HE AIN'T WORTH IT!

COME ON, BOYS, WE'VE BEEN PRETTY STUPID! LET'S BREAK IT UP! THE LAW WILL HANG HIM, ANYHOW!



WHEW- THAT WAS CLOSE! YOU SURE TOLD 'EM OFF, SHERIFF! I AIN'T NEVER SEEN NOthin' LIKE IT! NO, SIR!

GO DOWN TO THE CORRAL TOM, AND SEE IF JOHN CLEMENT CAN GET US A SPRING WAGON! I GUESS WE'LL TAKE DUSTY OVER TO TUCSON FOR SAFE KEEPING! YOU CAN NEVER TELL THEY MIGHT GET WORKED UP AGAIN!



HOLD STILL AN' KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT TILL I TELL YA T'YELL FOR THE SHERIFF TO COME IN! DO AS I SAY OR I'LL KILL YA!



DROP YOUR GUN BELT, SHERIFF OR YOUR DEPUTY HERE GETS IT! DROP IT, I SAID- DROP IT, QUICK!

ALL RIGHT, I'M DROPPING IT DUSTY, BUT YOU'RE CRAZY IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET OUTTA TOWN! THAT MOB'S JUST WAITIN' FOR A CHANCE TO PUT SOME LEAD INTO YOU! TAKE MY ADVICE AND STAND TRIAL! IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE!

I DID THAT THE LAST TIME, REMEMBER? AND WHAT'D IT GET ME BUT TWO YEARS IN JAIL! THIS TOWN'S MADE UP IT'S MIND THAT I'M GUILTY AND A TRIAL'D MEAN A PINE BOX FOR ME! OH, NO, SHERIFF, I'M NOT STANDIN' TRIAL! NOW BOTH OF YA, GET INSIDE THERE!

HEY, SHERIFF ANYBODY HOME?

WHY DON'T THEY STOP THAT POUNDING AND FIND OUT WHY I DON'T ANSWER? AT THIS RATE, HE'LL BE MILES AWAY BY THE TIME WE'RE FREED!



OBEDY THE LAW

SOMETHING'S WRONG IN THERE! I WAS SUPPOSED TO RELIEVE TOM A HALF HOUR AGO, BUT I DON'T GET ANY ANSWER! I'M GONNA SHOOT OFF THE LOCK!

OKAY, BUT LET ME COVER THE BACK JUST IN CASE!



YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME AN' JED TO GO ALONG WITH YA, SHERIFF? IT WON'T BE EASY BRINGIN' THAT CRITTER BACK ALONE!

I KNOW, BUT I THINK ONE MAN CAN MAKE BETTER TIME-AND IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG BLIZZARD WILL HIT BEFORE MORNIN'! NO-I LOST HIM-I'LL BRING HIM BACK!



THIS FIRE'S NOT EVEN COLD YET-HE COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED HERE MORE'N AN HOUR AGO! JUDGIN' FROM THE TRACKS, HIS HORSE IS FAVORING ITS RIGHT FORE-LEG! HE CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD NOW!



HIS HORSE MUST'VE STEPPED IN A HOLE AND BROKE HIS LEG-THAT'S WHY DUSTY SHOT THE CRITTER... AND THOSE HEAVY TRACKS LOOK LIKE DUSTY DRAGGED HIMSELF TOWARD THAT OLD LINE CABIN! HE MUSTA GOT HURT IN THE FALL!



THERE'S SOMEONE COMIN' NOW! WH-WHY, IT'S THE SHERIFF! THAT OLD BLOODHOUND DIDN'T LOSE ANY TIME COMIN' AFTER ME OW! THIS DARN PAIN IN MY LEGS! THEY MUST BOTH BE BROKEN-I'D JUST AS SOON STARVE TO DEATH OUT HERE, AS HANG IN TOWN! I'LL PROP MYSELF UP FACIN' THE DOOR-AND GET THE DROP ON HIM!



DROP IT, DUSTY!

THE SLY CRITTER-HE WENT AROUND TO THE BACK!

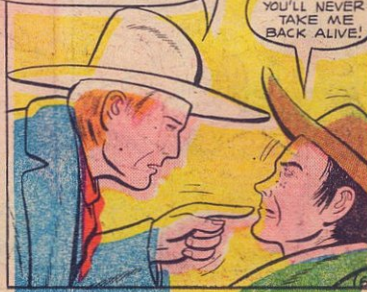


IF IT WASN'T FOR NORA I'D HAVE PLUGGED YOU AND SAVED MYSELF A HEAP OF TROUBLE, BUT DON'T GET ANY MORE FUNNY IDEAS-I'VE STOOD FOR ENOUGH ON YOUR ACCOUNT!

WHAT'LL YA DO, TUCKER-SHOOT ME? THEY'LL HANG ME IN TOWN, ANYWAY! MY LEGS ARE BROKEN! THERE'S A TWO FOOT BLIZZARD OUTSIDE! YOU CAN'T CARRY ME AND I CAN'T WALK! I'D JUST AS SOON STAY HERE, TILL I FREEZE, OR STARVE TO DEATH!

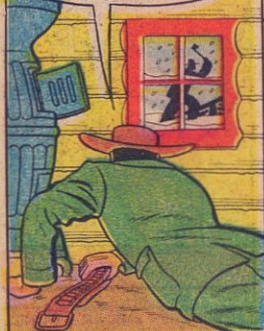
I CAN'T CARRY YOU, NO-BUT I CAN TIE YOU TO MY HORSE WHEN THE SNOW STOPS, AND GET YOU BACK ALL RIGHT! SINCE YOU CAN'T MOVE AND YOUR GUN'S BROKEN, I GUESS IT'LL BE SAFE FOR ME TO GO OUT AFTER SOME WOOD! THERE'S NO SENSE SHIVERIN' WHEN WE'VE GOT A STOVE!

WHO'RE YOU KIDDIN'? THIS STORM'LL LAST FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, BUT EVEN IF IT DOESN'T, YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME BACK ALIVE!



OBEDY THE LAW

IF I CAN JUST REACH THE STOVE BEFORE HE GETS BACK, I'LL SHOW THAT HOMBRE I MEAN WHAT I SAY!



AS SOON AS I GET THIS FIRE STARTED, WE'LL HAVE SOME...
MY EYES!
MY EYES!
I CAN'T SEE!

MY GUN'S NO GOOD, BUT THE POWDER WAS! I CAN'T WALK AND YOU CAN'T SEE NOW, SHERIFF! ARE YA STILL GONNA TAKE ME IN T'B E HANGED?



WHY YOU MURDERIN' RATTLER-I OUGHTTA EMPTY MY GUN INTO YOUR FILTHY HIDE!

SURE, GO ON-SHOOT! BUT WITHOUT ME, YOU'LL DIE, TOO- YOU WON'T GET ONE MILE IN THESE HILLS, BLIND IN A SNOW STORM! RELAX, SHERIFF, MAYBE SOME-BODY WILL FIND US!



DUSTY, TED, DARLING, WHAT HAPPENED? WHEN I HEARD THAT DUSTY'D ESCAPED, I HAD A HUNCH HE'D HEAD FOR THIS OLD LINE CABIN! I FOUND HIS DEAD HORSE AND THEN I HEARD THE EXPLOSION! TED, YOUR EYES, WHAT HAPPENED?



I'LL GO FOR THE DOCTOR IN TOWN, TED- YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

DUSTY, YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP! I'LL GO TO CHARLESTON, BUT YOU RIDE IN WITH TED, SO WE WON'T WASTE ANY TIME! WE'VE GOT TO HURRY!



YOU BROKE A LEG WHEN YOU WERE OUT HUNTING ALONE WHEN YOU WERE ONLY 12, AND YOU RODE BACK- YOU CAN DO IT AGAIN, DUSTY! I'LL HELP YOU MOUNT! YOU AND TED RIDE HIS HORSE TOGETHER, WHILE I GO FIND DOC WHEELER! I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU, DUSTY, IF YOU DON'T! I'LL STOP BELIEVING IN YOU!

OKAY, SIS, I'LL TRY IT! GIMME A HAND!

MAYBE I HAD TED FIGURED ALL WRONG! HE DIDN'T EVEN LET ON THAT THE EXPLOSION WAS MY DOING!



A WEEK LATER! IT LOOKS LIKE THESE BANDAGES ARE COMING OFF JUST IN TIME, SHERIFF! THAT RHODES BOY'S TRIAL STARTS TODAY! MORE'N LIKELY YOU'LL WANT TO SEE HIS NECKTIE PARTY WITH YOUR OWN EYES, AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE HE GAVE YOU!



THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS I'LL BE NEEDIN' MY EYES FOR TODAY, DOC! I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THEM BEING ALL OKAY!

TED, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! THOSE LIES ANSON IS TELLIN' SEEM TO HAVE THE JURY CONVINCED- AND THEY WERE AGAINST DUSTY FROM THE START, ANYWAY! ANSON'S TOO SURE OF HIMSELF!

EASY, DARLING, IT'S NOT OVER YET! I'VE GOT AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE THAT MIGHT PROVE ANSON TO BE THE KILLER!



SEE HERE, SHERIFF, WHAT'S ALL THIS RUMPUS ABOUT? YOU'RE NOT THE JUDGE!

NO, BUT I'M JUST AS INTERESTED IN THE TRUTH! I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK OF SOMETHING! MIND TELLIN' THE COURT WHAT YOU DID WHEN YOU RODE OUTTA TOWN—THE DAY YOU BROUGHT IN RED SMITH'S BODY?

I DUNNO WHAT YOU GOT IN MIND, SHERIFF, BUT I WAS JUST OUT FOR A LITTLE RIDE! I NEEDED COOLIN' OFF. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?

THEN YOU WON'T MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR BOOTS, WILL YOU?



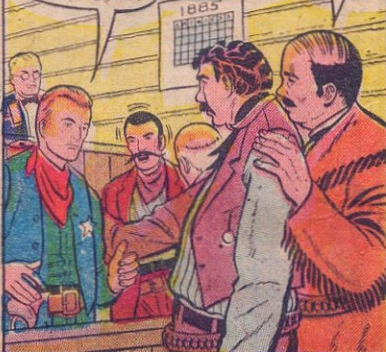
I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT YOU WERE OUT TAKING A RIDE, WHEN I WAS AMBUSHED BY SOMEONE WHO BROKE HIS SPUR RUNNIN' OVER THE ROCKS! THIS PIECE MATCHES YOUR BROKEN SPUR, ANSON! YOU TRIED TO AMBUSH ME! YOU CAME BACK TO TOWN AND SAID IT WAS RHODES THAT PUT THAT SLUG IN YOUR SHOULDER! BUT THIS PROVES IT WAS ME!

ALSO, I'VE GOT PRETTY GOOD INFORMATION THAT YOU'VE BEEN BUYING RUSTED CATTLE! THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET RID OF RHODES, SO YOU COULD TAKE OVER HIS PLACE—AN! I HAVE A HUNCH THAT'S WHY YOUR TWO HANDS WERE SHOT! YOU KILLED THEM, BECAUSE THEY KNEW TOO MUCH!

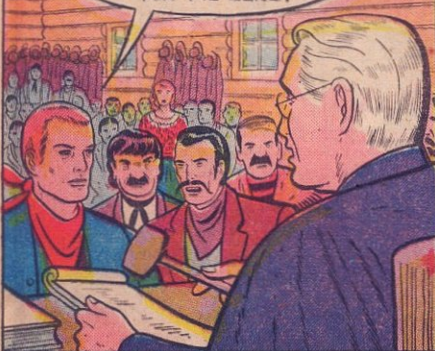
DO YOU FIGURE ON MAKIN' AN ARREST, OR DO TO GET RID OF RHODES, IN YOUR FACE AND CALL YOU A LIAR, 'CAUSE YOU'RE STUCK ON RHODES' SISTER!

TOM, JED, YOU BOYS KEEP ORDER WHILE I SHOW MR. ANSON HOW I'M GONNA PROVE MY POINT! I DON'T LIKE BEIN' CALLED A LIAR!

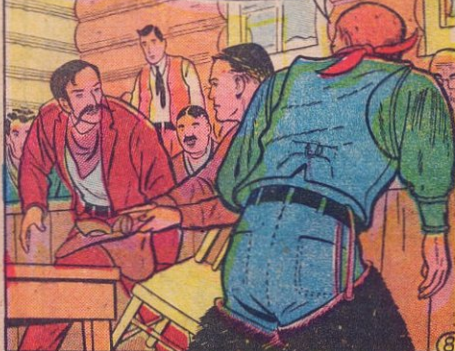
SURE, GO AHEAD, SHERIFF!



JUDGE, TAKE ANY TWO SIXGUNS AND EMPTY THEM OF CARTRIDGES, LEAVIN' JUST ONE SHELL IN ONE OF THE GUNS! PUT 'EM IN A HAT AND ANSON AND I'LL DRAW FOR THE GUNS!



GO AHEAD, MR. ANSON, TAKE ONE! WE FIRE AT THE COUNT OF THREE! YOU HAVE THE SAME CHANCE I DO THAT WAY!



OBEY THE LAW



ONE!



TWO!



STOP! DON'T SHOOT- I'LL TALK!

GRAB HIM, BOYS! I RECKON WE'VE GOT OUR ANSWER!



AND HE HAD THE LOADED GUN, TOO! BUT A CRIMINAL NEVER HAS THE NERVE TO FACE A SHOW DOWN, BECAUSE HE KNOWS HE'S LYING!

THAT TOOK NERVE, SHERIFF- JUST LIKE STOPPING THAT WILD MOB A FEW DAYS BACK!



I'M ARRESTING YOU, ANSON, FOR THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A PEACE OFFICER! THAT'LL DO AS A STARTER- THERE'LL BE OTHER COUNTS OF HOMICIDE PILIN' UP!

YOU NOSEY IDIOT, TUCKER, VA JUST SIGNED YOUR DEATH WARRANT!



YOU'RE JUST A MITE TOO LATE, ANSON!

BANG BANG



I'M CASHIN' IN... YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING, SHERIFF... NEVER COULD FOOL YOU! I WANTED TOUGH THE RHODES SPREAD TO HIDE MY RUSTLED STEERS IN TOUGH I TRIED TO FRAME 'M- DID IT ONCE TOUGH!

HE'S GONE! WE SURE WOULD'VE MADE A BAD MISTAKE, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, SHERIFF!

YOU DID A GREAT JOB, TUCKER, THIS TOWN'S GOT REASON TO BE RIGHT PROUD OF YOU!

AFTER HEARING THE DYING MAN'S STATEMENT, I FIND YOU, DUSTY RHODES, INNOCENT OF THE CHARGES AGAINST YOU! CASE DISMISSED!

THANK YOU, JUDGE PARRIS! WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE TODAY HAS MADE ME SEE THE POWER OF THE LAW- THAT SOMETIMES IT MAY TAKE A LITTLE TIME, BUT IN THE END IT'S BOUND TO WIN OUT, ESPECIALLY WITH MEN LIKE TED TUCKER UPHOLDIN' IT!

THANKS, TED- I'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE A SHERIFF IN THE FAMILY!



THE END

Genuine TORCAN

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You can use this husky practical motor in dozens of ways. Hook it up to small lathes, mechanical toys, saws or buffing wheels. Make your own phonograph turntable, rig up a drink mixer for milk shakes. It's one of the handiest, most practical motors to come on the market in years.

Comes to you all ready to plug in and use. Nothing to assemble; no trouble or bother. Just plug it in, turn switch and watch it hum. This precision engineered induction motor develops $1/25$ horsepower. Turns with full load at 1500 r.p.m.'s; without load at 1750 r.p.m.'s.

LOOK WHAT YOU GET

Finished in black wrinkle paint, complete with switch, step-down pulley, mounting brackets and a six foot cord and plug. Motor has self-oiling bearings and will run without further oiling for its full lifetime. It is abso-

lutely silent in operation and will cause no radio interference.

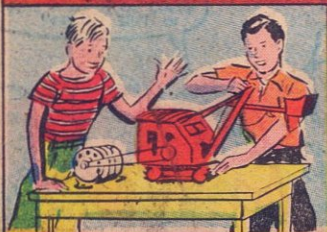
Operates on 60 cycle current at 110-120 volts. Put it to work in any home that has AC current. It is strong, sturdy, dependable. Fun to own and operate.

WHAT THIS MOTOR WILL DO

There are thousands of uses for this motor in and around your home workshop, your kitchen or playroom. Use it to operate small bandsaws, buffing wheels, lathes or electric fans. Hook it up to mechanical toys, milkshake, drink mixers or beaters. Will run winders for knitting wool, small bobbins for weaving, phonograph or other turntables. Wherever you want smooth, steady power, this motor will supply it.

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MECHANICAL TOYS



SMALL LATHES

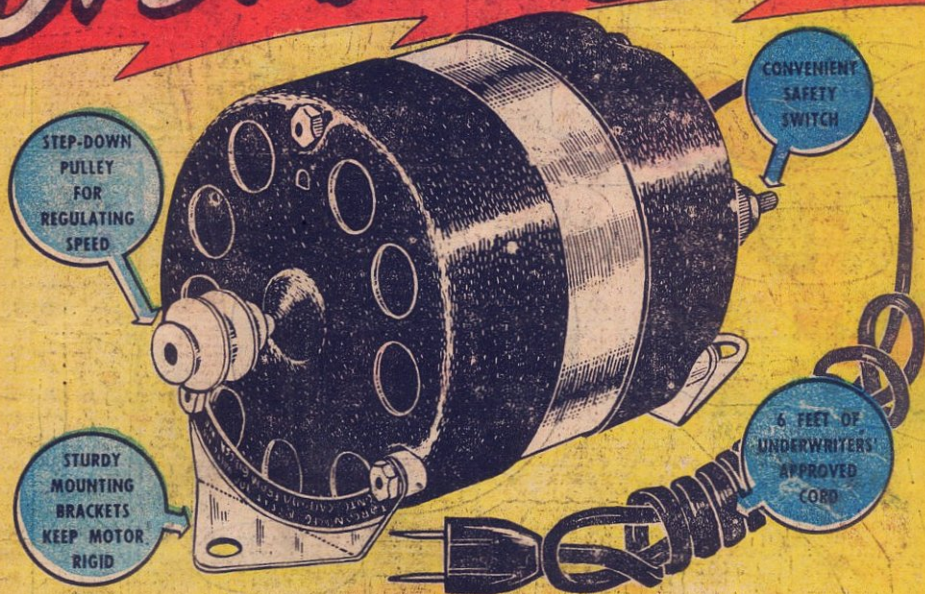


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 Torcan Electric Motors @ \$5.95 each. Please rush to me at once.

Name _____

Address _____

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(Please print name and address clearly)

WEST JESTERS

DANG IT, LUKE...
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE GONNA
FIX THE ZIPPER
ON THIS HERE
SLEEPIN'
BAG!

BUT HOW WAS
I TO KNOW JED
TIMMINS WOULD
BUY THAT
LOT?!



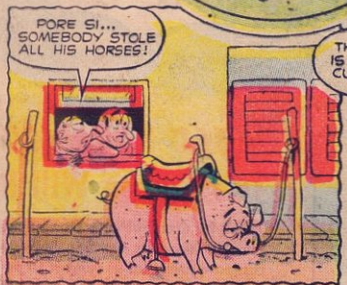
DON'T DIG DOWN
TOO FAR, AXEL, WE
ONLY NEED A
FEW FEET!

...AS I WAS
GAYIN', ED THE
SOIL AROUND
HERE SHORE
IS FERTILE!

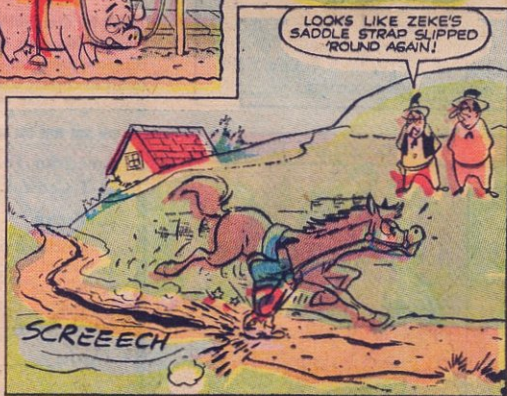


PORE SI...
SOMEBODY STOLE
ALL HIS HORSES!

THE IDEA, BOSS,
IS TO SAVE TIME
CUTTIN' THE LOSS
TO SIZE!



LOOKS LIKE ZEKE'S
SADDLE STRAP SLIPPED
'ROUND AGAIN!



OBEY THE LAW



BURLY WILL GRADY AND HIS GANG OF RUTHLESS RUSTLERS.

FOR EVERY HEAD OF CATTLE HE STOLE,
HE LEFT A CORPSE IN PAYMENT!

BURLY
WILL
GRADY
KILLED
APRIL 1,
1882

IN THE
EARLY
1880'S,
MANY OF
ARIZONA'S
RANCHES
WERE
BEING
RUSTLED,
AND
HONEST,
HARD-
RIDING
COWBOYS
WERE
LOSING
THEIR
LIVES
IN THE
DEFENSE
OF THEIR
RIGHTFUL
PROPERTY.

SPIT LEAD, BOYS! IF ANY OF
'EM ESCAPES, YOU'LL ANSWER TO
ME! I WANT DEAD WITNESSES
ONLY!



IT WAS
GENERALLY
KNOWN
WHO WAS
BEHIND
THAT
LAWLESS-
NESS-
BURLY
WILL, THE
MOST
NOTORIOUS
OUTLAW
IN THAT
REGION'S
HISTORY!

BURLY WILL, SO CALLED FOR HIS CRUDE, ROUGH MANNER, WAS A MEDIEVAL ROBBER BARON IN THE BLUE FLANNEL SHIRT AND WHITE SOMBRERO OF A COWBOY...HE RODE AT TIMES WITH THIRTY OR FORTY MEN AT HIS BACK, BUT HE COULD GATHER A HUNDRED WHEN OCCASION DEMANDED...ALL THE OUTLAWS OF THE ARIZONA TERRITORY OWED SOME SORT OF ALLEGIANCE TO HIM, BUT ALONG WITH BEING A CHEAP HORSE THIEF BURLY WILL ALSO KNEW HOW TO SPREAD DEATH AND TERROR, TILL THE VERY HILLS SHOOK WITH THE BLASTS OF HIS RAIDS!

IN THE 1880'S, MILLIONS OF LONGHORN CATTLE PASTURED HALF-WILD ON THE VAST RANGES OF THE BORDERS OF SOUTHERN TEXAS AND ARIZONA...SOME OF THOSE WEALTHY RANCHERS COULD NOT ESTIMATE THE NUMBERS OF THEIR HERDS WITHIN A THOUSAND HEAD! RICH QUARRY, INDEED, FOR BURLY WILL AND HIS MEN WHO, STALKING ACROSS THE PLAINS, ROUNDED UP CATTLE FROM THE FOOTHILLS AND BROUGHT THEM BACK IN A RUSHING STAMPEDE-SOMETIMES A THOUSAND HEAD IN A SINGLE, BLOODY SWOOP....

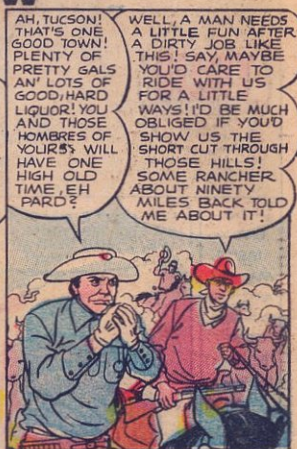
THAT'S THE JAMISON HERD, ALL RIGHT, BURLY WILL-AIN'T NO DOUBT OF IT! I'LL RIDE BACK TO SKELETON CANYON AND GET THE BOYS READY! THERE OUGHTTA BE ENOUGH SILVER IN THIS HAUL TO KEEP US ALL DRUNK FOR A MONTH OF SUNDAYS!

OKAY, LAWTON, BUT REMEMBER-HOLD YOUR FIRE TILL I PLUG THE LAST TWO TRAIL POKES, THEN POUR IT INTO 'EM! I WANT 'EM ALL KILLED-DEAD MEN DON'T CARRY TALES, SAVVY?

HELLO!
HELLO, THERE!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



NO EXIT THIS WAY, PAL! 'KEPTIN' UP THE LEAD TRAIL- FEET FIRST!



THAT FINISHES 'EM!

YEP THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM! I COUNTED 19!

HEY, LAWTON! GET THOSE BOYS DOWN HERE IN A HURRY- BEFORE THAT HERD SCATTERS FROM HERE TO THE ROCKIES!



WHAT ABOUT ALL THESE PUNCHERS, BURLY? IT MIGHT BE EMBARRASSIN' IF SOMEONE CAME ACROSS THEM WITH ALL THEM HOLES IN 'EM!

NOT SO LONG AS THEY CAN'T DO NO TALKIN'; IT WON'T WE'LL JUST LEAVE 'EM FOR THE BUZZARDS! THIS IS SKELETON CANYON, AIN'T IT?

YOU'RE RIGHT, BILL, AND EVERY MINUTE WE WASTE, HERE I'M GETTING MORE AND MORE THIRSTY FOR THAT TOMBSTONE LIQUOR! LET'S GO!



OUTLAW GOLD FLOWED LIKE WATER, BACK IN TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA! A POKER GAME HAD BEEN IN HOT SESSION FOR TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS! HERE THE OUTLAWS CAME FOR RELAXATION AND FUN!

HELLO, BURLY, SHIC'S HOWDY, LAWTON, PUTTER THERE, PAL! HOW'S ALL THE BOYS?

HI! I'VE KNOWN OLD DICK EVER SINCE HE WORKED FOR THE BAR B OVER IN MESA COUNTRY AND A BETTER HAND NEVER PUNCHED COWS!

WHEN HE WAS SOBER- BUT PUT A BAR RAG UNDER HIS NOSE AND THAT SON OF A COYOTE GOES CRAZY DRUNK! NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO!

WHEEE!

THERE HE GOES NOW! HE'LL KILL SOMEBODY DOIN' THAT ONE OF THESE DAYS!



NOW THAT DRUNKEN HYENA'S HEADED OUTSIDE- MORE'N LIKELY HE'LL SHOOT UP THE WHOLE TOWN BEFORE HE'S THROUGH!

WE OUGHTTA PUT SOME HOLES IN 'IM OURSELVES! IT GETS ME WHAT THAT REPTILE WILL DO AS SOON AS HE GETS SOME ROTGUT IN HIM!



YAHOO!

SHUCKS! SHIC'S ALL THEM VARMINTS HAVE DUCKED OUTTA SIGHT! SHIC'S... AIN'T NO SENSE IN SHOOTIN' WITHOUT NO ONE A WATCHIN' SHIC'S. I KNOW- THAT'S BURLY'S HORSE! I'LL JUST RIDE 'IM INTO THE SALOON SHIC'S... WHATTA JOKE THAT'LL BE SHIC'S



HEY! LOOKA ME, I'M BURLY WIL...

THE DRUNKEN SOT'S GOT MY HORSE! PLUG 'IM!

OBEDY THE LAW



POOR OLD DICK WAS A GOOD FELLA!

I SURELY NEVER WOULD HAVE RECKONED THAT THE LOCODED TARANTULA WOULD TRY THAT, WITH HIM KNOWIN' WE WERE GETTING Madder ALL THE TIME!

WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS, HOW THAT SIMPLE MENDED POLE CAT HAD THE GUTS TO COME RIDIN' IN HERE ON HIS OWN HORSE!

HE NEVER MEANT NO HARM! HE WAS JUST DRUNK AN' HAVIN' A LITTLE FUN!

THESE OLD DUDS OF DICK'S WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR RANGE RIDIN', BUT NOW THAT HE'S DEAD, HE OUGHT TO LOOK MORE STYUSH! WE'LL BUY HIM SOME AND TEND TO HIS BURYIN'!

YOU MIGHT NEED A SWIG ALONG THE TRAIL, DICK-HERE!

HERE'S HOW, OLD COWBOY! YOU WENT OUT CRAZY DRUNK, BUT YOU'LL HAVE A HECK OF A LONG TIME TO SLEEP - IT OFF!



BOYS, HERE COMES MARSHAL WHITE AND HIS DEPUTY, HERB SCOTT! THEY'LL THROW THE WHOLE GANG OF US IN THE CALABOOSE FOR SHOOTING OFF OUR GUNS IN THE CITY LIMITS, IF N' WE DON'T BEAT IT!



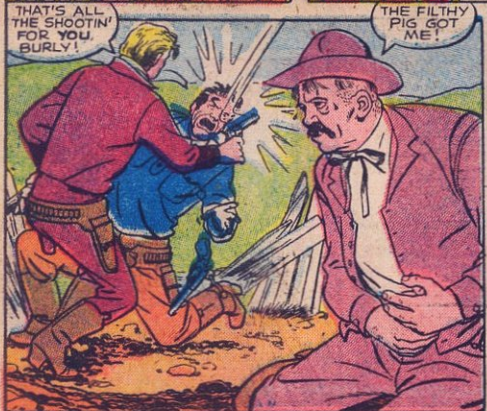
I DON'T CARE WHAT YA HEARD, I DIDN'T DO NONE OF THAT SHOOTIN'!

BURLEY! GIMME THOSE GUNS OF YOURS! GUNMAN, OR NOT, I WON'T STAND FOR ANY SHOOTIN' IN THIS TOWN!



LOOK OUT, MARSHAL!

SURE, IF YA WANT 'EM! HERE THEY AR....



THAT'S ALL THE SHOOTIN' FOR YOU BURLEY!

THE FILTHY PIG GOT ME!



WE SHOULD A NEVER RUN OUT ON WILL! MARSHAL WHITE JUST DIED AND A MOB TURNED UP AT THE JAIL WANTIN' TO STRING UP THE BOSS, BUT HERB SCOTT TALKED 'EM OUTTA TAKIN' THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS! THE TRIAL STARTS TOMORROW WITH JUDGE BROWN PRESIDIN'!

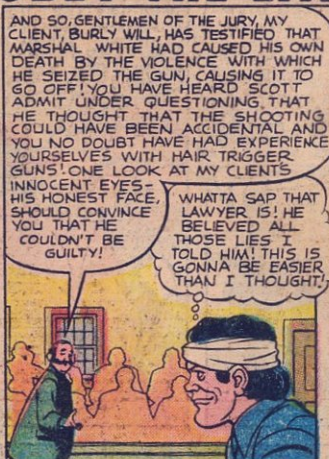
JUDGE ROY BROWN! WHY THAT OLD TIMER WOULD LOVE TO SEE BURLEY WILL HANGED! HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE, NOT UNLESS WILL CAN THINK OF SOME WAY TO BREAK OUT!

OBEDY THE LAW



I'LL GET THAT HERB SCOTT IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO, FOR CRACKIN' ME OVER THE HEAD WITH HIS GUN THAT WAY, LIKE I WAS AN ORDINARY DRUNK NO COUNT, INSTEAD OF PAYIN' ME THE RESPECT OF BEIN' THE BIGGEST RUSTLER IN ARIZONA!

THAT CAN WAIT, WILL! FIRST THING I GOTTA DO IS GET EVERY ONE OF THEM JURORS AND WARN 'EM NOT TO FIND YOU GUILTY!



AND SO, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, MY CLIENT, BURLY WILL, HAS TESTIFIED THAT MARSHAL WHITE HAD CAUSED HIS OWN DEATH BY THE VIOLENCE WITH WHICH HE SEIZED THE GUN, CAUSING IT TO GO OFF! YOU HAVE HEARD SCOTT ADMIT UNDER QUESTIONING, THAT HE THOUGHT THAT THE SHOOTING COULD HAVE BEEN ACCIDENTAL AND YOU NO DOUBT HAVE HAD EXPERIENCE YOURSELVES WITH HAIR TRIGGER GUNS! ONE LOOK AT MY CLIENT'S INNOCENT EYES- HIS HONEST FACE, SHOULD CONVINCE YOU THAT HE COULDN'T BE GUILTY!

WHATTA SAP THAT LAWYER IS! HE BELIEVED ALL THOSE LIES I TOLD HIM! THIS IS GONNA BE EASIER THAN I THOUGHT.



BEFORE DISMISSING THE PRISONER, I WISH TO ADMONISH THE JURY FOR WHAT I THINK IS THE GREATEST MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE TO EVER DISGRACE A COURT OF LAW!

THE PRISONER IS ACQUITTED!



THAT TRIAL WORKED OUT JUST THE WAY YOU SAID IT WOULD, BURLY, BUT NOW THAT HERB SCOTT'S BEEN MADE THE NEW MARSHAL, HE'S BRUNG IN HIS THREE BROTHERS AND THAT GUN TOTIN' PAL OF HIS, DAN CALLAWAY, AS DEPUTIES! TALK HAS IT THAT HE'S SWORN TO GET YOU!

THAT SUITS ME FINE, LAWTON, CAUSE THAT'S JUST THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT HIM! I'M GONNA WHITTLE 'EM DOWN, ONE SCOTT AT A TIME, STARTIN' WITH HIS BROTHER, MORGAN! I'VE GOT A KILLER COMIN' SPECIAL FOR THE JOB- JUST SO'S I'LL HAVE AN ALIBI!



THAT'S MORGAN SCOTT GOIN' IN NOW!

OKAY, BURLY, YOU JUST MOSY ON DOWN TO THE SALOON, SO YOU'LL BE THERE WHEN THE SHOOTIN' STARTS! I'LL WAIT FIVE MINUTES BEFORE I PLUG HIM!



YOU'VE BEEN BOASTIN' FOR A LONG TIME THAT YA COULD BEAT ME PLAYIN' POOL, BOB! HOW ABOUT A GAME NOW, AND IF I WIN, I NEVER WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER PEEP OUTTA YA, OKAY?

SURE, MORGAN- I'LL GO YA ONCE, WIN OR LOSE! COME ON!



REMEMBER, THIS IS FOR CHAMP...

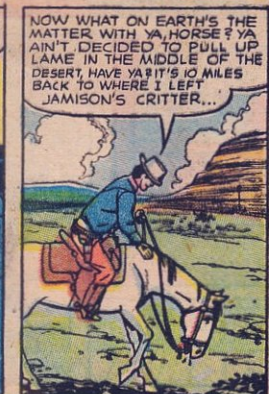


ONE A WEEK- THAT'S MY MOTTO, CHARLIE! I WANT YA TO KILL ONE OF THEM SCOTT BROTHERS EVERY WEEK, TILL THERE AIN'T NO MORE- EXCEPT HERB, I WANNA KILL HIM MYSELF! WE'LL DRINK TO THAT!

SURE- I'LL DRINK TO THAT, BUT IF I HAPPEN TO GET HERB BY ACCIDENT, YA WON'T GET SORE, WILL YA?

HEY, WILL, MILT HICKS IS BURNING LEATHER, MIGHTY FAST! MAYBE SOMETHIN'S WRONG!

OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW

I'LL TELL YOU WHERE! DOWN THE BORDER AWAYS! I MET A GAL DOWN THERE AND HER DAD OWNS MORE COWS THAN THERE ARE IN ALL ARIZONA! BURLY I SAYS TO MYSELF, WHEN I SIZES UP THE LAYOUT, THIS IS JUST THE PLACE FOR AN OLD RUSTLER LIKE YOURSELF! SO I'M HEADING BACK AND GONNA HOOK UP WITH THAT GAL! AS SOON AS THE OLD MAN CASHES IN, WHICH HE WILL WITH MY HELP, SHE GETS ALL THE COWS! I AM! WHAT'S HERS, WILL BE MINE!



SAY, BURLY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YA MET HERB SCOTT?



KILL HIM! HE BENT A GUN OVER MY HEAD ONCE AND I'VE BEEN WAITIN' TO GET EVEN EVER SINCE! WHY?

WELL, YOU'VE GOT YOUR CHANCE TO GET EVEN RIGHT NOW, BOSS, HERE COMES SCOTT WITH A POSSE BEHIND HIM! RIGHT OUT YONDER, RIDIN' STRAIGHT FOR THIS HERE SPOT!



BURLY WILL! YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE UNDER ARREST! IF YOU GIVE UP, I PROMISE YOU A FAIR TRIAL! IF NOT, I'M GIVIN' THE POSSE ORDERS TO SHOOT TO KILL!

GO TO BLAZES! IF YA WANT ME—COME AND GET ME!



HERE THEY COME, BOYS! POUR IT INTO 'EM—THIS IS THE CHANCE I BEEN WAITIN' FOR!



THAT ONE'S FOR MY BROTHER—YOU AMBUSHIN' SNAKE!

THEY GOT BURLY WILL!

HOLD YER FIRE, MARSHAL! WE GIVE UP!



PUT UP YOUR HANDS, ALL OF YOU, AND GET ON YOUR FEET! YOU'RE THROUGH RUSTLIN' AND MURDERING HONEST RANCHERS!

LOOKS LIKE SOME OF 'EM HAVE NO NEED FOR A TRIAL, MARSHAL—BURLY WILL'S DEADERIN' A RATTLER AFTER SUNDOWN!

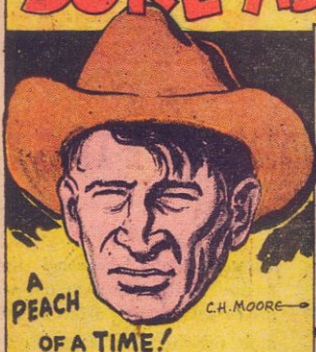


HERE LIES A RUTLER AND A MURDERER—BURLY WILL GRADY BORN SEPT. 21, 1855 DIED APRIL 1, 1882



The End

SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by
CLAUDE
MOOREA
PEACH

C.H. MOORE

OF A TIME!

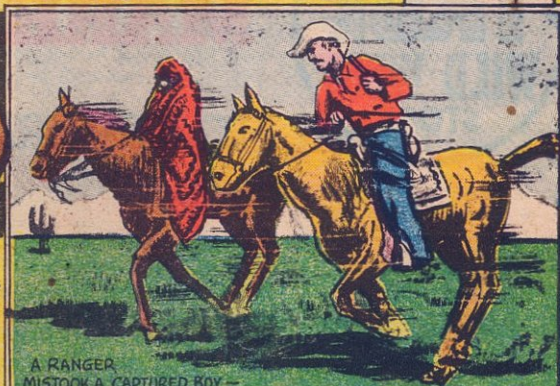
SLIM BRADOCK WAS THROWN IN JAIL TO AWAIT TRIAL FOR MURDER IN Cuero, Texas — THE DAY HE WAS PLACED IN A CELL HE ATE A PEACH AND THREW THE PIT OUT OF THE CELL WINDOW — IT TOOK ROOT, GREW INTO A TREE AND SLIM WAS ABLE TO REACH OUT THRU THE BARS AND PICK PEACHES FROM THE TREE WHILE HE WAS STILL WAITING FOR A TRIAL!

THE JUDGE HAD BEEN FORCED TO POSTPONE HIS TRIAL SIX TIMES!

P.S. HE WAS FINALLY TRIED, FOUND GUILTY AND HANGED!



THEY COULD NOT KEEP A MAN IN JAIL IN Abilene, Texas — BECAUSE SOME DESPERADO WAS ALWAYS KNOCKING THE JAIL DOWN!



A RANGER MISTOOK A CAPTURED BOY — TIED ON A DESPERADO'S HORSE WITH A BLANKET WRAPPED AROUND HIM, FOR A WANTED KILLER! HE RACED TOWARD THE BOY — TOOK AIM AT HIS BACK AND FIRED, BUT THE GUN DIDN'T GO OFF — AGAIN HE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER AND AGAIN, NOTHING HAPPENED — BY THIS TIME HE HAD CAUGHT UP TO THE VICTIM AND JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT AGAIN, HE RECOGNIZED THE RIDER AS A LOST BOY HE HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR!

U.S. MAIL

"MY NAMES JIM AN' I WANT MAIL!"

"WHAT'S YOUR LAST NAME?"

"EVERYBODY KNOWS ME — NOW GIT ME MY MAIL OR I'LL BLOW YA TO BITS!" THE MAIL CLERK HURRIEDLY STUCK AN OLD ADVERTISEMENT IN AN ENVELOPE — SCRIBBLED ON IT AND GAVE IT TO JIM, WHO WAS SATISFIED 'CAUSE HE COULDN'T READ ANYWAY!



"BITTERS" WAS AN APPROPRIATE NAME GIVEN TO HARD LIQUOR IN THE OLD WEST!

IT WAS ADVERTISED AS A CURE FOR: — SNAKE BITE MALARIA CHILLS — FEVER NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA RUN DOWN FEELING — AS WELL AS BEING A "WHOOPEE-UP" FOR JOY. IT WOULD KILL OR CURE YOU!



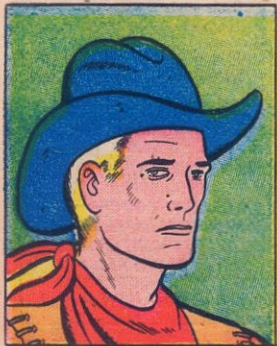
IN 1890 — THE WASHINGTON BUREAU OF ENGRAVING MADE A MISTAKE — ONE SHEET OF NOTES WAS DISTRIBUTED WITH \$50 PRINTED ON ONE SIDE OF IT AND \$100 PRINTED ON THE OTHER!

A CLERK IN A WESTERN HOTEL DISCOVERED THE BILL AFTER HOURS OF COUNTING AND RECOUNTING HIS CASH RECEIPTS — WHILE COUNTING THE MONEY, HE HAD COME OUT \$50 SHORT EACH TIME, UNTIL HE TURNED EACH BILL OVER!



MARSHAL MARK ALLEN

HE NEVER DREW FIRST



MARK ALLEN probably took more chances with his life than any other of the old-time Western sheriffs and marshals. There was a reason. Allen never drew a gun until his adversary had drawn first. In spite of that Mark Allen carried on as lawman for over fifty years before he died with his boots on.

Marshal Allen was a soft-spoken man and a gentleman, and his approach to a law-breaker usually began with the words, "You better hand over your guns!" So it is easy to see how many chances he took, approaching the rough-hewn characters of the old West in this way. For in those days human life could be snuffed out so easily! The mere fast move of

the hand — so swift as to be almost unnoticed — a twitch of the trigger finger, a flash of orange signaling the bang of exploding powder, and a man could fall for good, making another notch in the hickory handle of some six-shooter!

Although Mark Allen hated the ruthless taking of human life, he hated more the lawless disregard for the rights of others. Therefore, he despised outlawry, but respected the outlaw's right to live. And so it was his determination to wipe out lawlessness wherever and whenever the occasion arose.

During the period from 1890 to 1893 the Hogan gang of train bandits was terrorizing the State of Oklahoma. At that time Mark Allen was working in that state and grew enraged at their repeated banditry. He took stern steps, sometimes single-handed and sometimes in cooperation with other lawmen, he trailed down and broke up the entire mob. At one time he captured alone, without firing a shot, Tom Hogan, leader of the bandits.

But this is the story of a lesser known, yet highly representative episode in the life of this great sheriff. Joe Brody was a member of the Hogan gang until the

lawmen finally dispersed the pack. Then Brody went out on his own. Gathering a few of the mob together, he started out, taking bank after bank, railroad after railroad, until he attained notoriety as a bandit and a killer. It eventually got too hot for him and he escaped to the Osage Indian Country in Oklahoma.

Mark Allen had been on his trail relentlessly and when he learned Brody had run off to the Territory he said, "He hasn't escaped, even though he thinks he's safe."



A man heard Allen say that and stepped up to him. "I hear tell Brody says if you want him, Sheriff, you can come an' git him."

Allen eyed the other calmly. "What do you think I meant

when I spoke?"

With that Allen turned to his horse, got astride and rode off. He knew he had a long and tough road ahead of him, but Allen was dauntless. He would trail his man to the ends of the earth if necessary.

Mark Allen knew the country he traveled. He knew the Indians along the trail. Little by little he pieced one bit of information with another.

"The white man went that way," an Indian would say. Patiently Mark Allen would follow directions. And as he went he would try to fathom the likely places Brody might hide.

But if Allen had friends in the Indian country, so had Joe Brody. The bandit learned of the marshal's journey and he laughed hard.

"So the dad-blamed sheriff's gonna take me back to hang, eh? We'll see." Brody then set off in the direction toward which he believed Allen to be approaching.

Little by little each moved toward the other, the difference being, of course, that Brody would kill on sight, or would shoot in the back, while Mark Allen, even if he had the advantage, would try to arrest Brody

without bloodshed.

Toward evening in the late summer of 1894 Brody learned that Allen was not more than five miles away from him. He set out at once. Pressing his horse for all the animal could do, the desperado rode on. This



would be a sight to see! The goldurned lawman comin' up this far just to get killed! He chuckled gleefully as he thought of the surprise on Allen's face when he found himself facing the muzzle of his quarry's six-gun.

Meanwhile Mark Allen had done some scouting of his own.

He learned, too, that Joe Brody might soon meet him face to face. He worked slowly along the trail now, careful not to tire his horse, stopping whenever possible to allow the animal to drink at the occasional springs he passed. Ever alert, he watched for evidences of his prey.

Allen lay down quietly in the darkness to sleep. No sound save the bark of a coyote, or the far-off howl of a timber wolf, or the thousand sounds of the night's still vastness reached his ears.

When dawn broke the next day, Mark Allen rose, leading his mount silently through the gray mists, he climbed higher for a vantage point. Finally, when he reached a peak, the sun broke over the horizon, red with the promise of fire in the heavens. Scanning the scenery below him, Mark Allen pursed his lips grimly. Below him, far down the trail a thin hair-breadth of smoke rose above the rocky crevices.

Allen left his horse and started down, each step cautious, as he moved.

The trail leveled off a bit after an hour's travel. The smell of charred embers from an extinguished cook fire was pungent now and Allen inspected his



gun, then placed it back in the holster. He stood still. A hundred feet ahead the faintest tread of a footstep reached his ears. He was not sure, of course, that it was Brody, but he had a strange feeling it was!

Mark Allen suddenly stood still, as he heard the snort of a horse, then the low-spoken voice of the horse's owner, commanding the mount to move on. Perhaps the long, long quest was about to end.



The horse's nose first came into view, then the rider. Joe Brody was not looking in the direction of Mark Allen. The sheriff could have him covered, or he could kill him before the bandit realized what had happened.

Mark Allen stood with his legs apart, watching. Then he spoke. "I'm goin' to take you back with me, Joe Brody!" he said quietly.

Allen's words were like a keg of powder under the bandit. He wheeled his mount, at the same time whipping out his six-shooter. When he saw Allen unarmed, facing his own weapon, not ten feet away, Joe Brody laughed.

"So you're goin' to take me with you, eh?" Brody laughed.

"You better hand over your

guns, Brody," said the lawman with characteristic composure. "I said I was goin' to take you back!"

Brody swore. Allen took a step forward. With a snarl on his lips the bandit fired from the hip. Once...twice...the actions of Mark Allen, seeming unhurried, nevertheless were as swift as lightning. For some reason his body was elsewhere than where Joe Brody aimed. And two shots were all Mark Allen decided to allow Brody.

Like a well lubricated machine, Mark Allen moved, again making not a single unnecessary motion. In an act of drawing his gun and firing at the same time, the sheriff made his one shot count! There in the heavy air the acrid smell of powder reached his nostrils as smoke curled lazily from his weapon.

Joe Brody spoke not a word. His body balanced a second uncertainly astride his horse, then swayed half backward and fell headlong to the ground, his head striking first, his body crumbling with its own weight.

Joe Brody was dead.

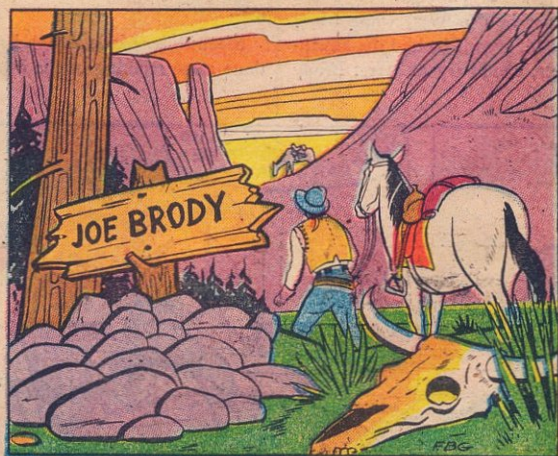
Mark Allen dug a grave for Joe Brody and buried him. Then he took Brody's horse and led it off, as he went in search of



his own mount. It would be a long trail home again. He'd best get started.

That was the way with Mark Allen. He had a job to do and he did it well, without fuss or feathers. Little by little he was making it unhealthy for outlaws. He was one of the great Westerners, who early proved that, in this great country, as anywhere else, CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

THE END



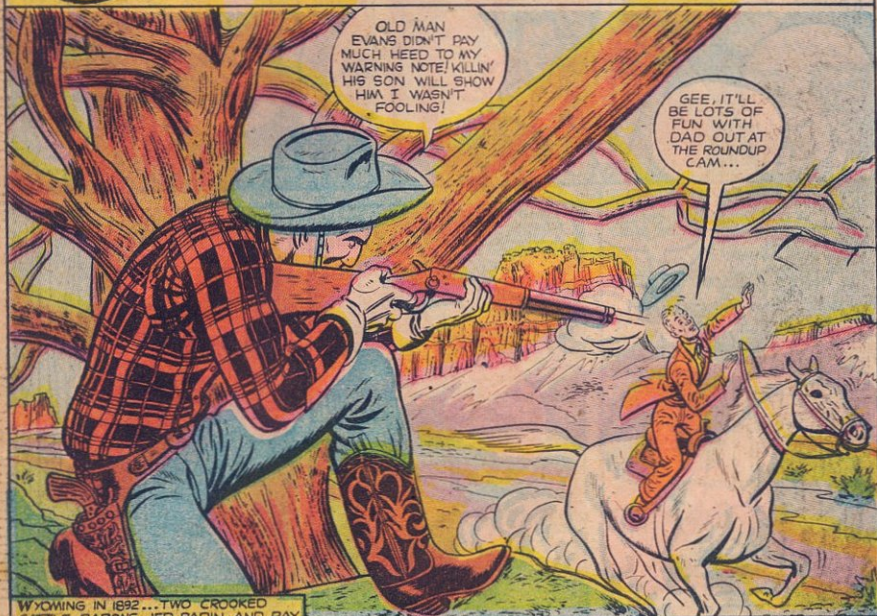
OBEY THE LAW

KILLER TOM CURTIS

**A
TRUE
WILD WEST
STORY**

**ONE OF THE LAST AND
MOST RUTHLESS OF THE
OLD WEST'S DESPERADOES!**

**TOM
CURTIS
HANGED
1910**



WYOMING IN 1892...TWO CROOKED CATTLE BARONS, JED RADIN, AND RAY POWELLY CALL IN TOM CURTIS...

LOOK, TOM, THE CRUICKSHANK BROTHERS ARE GETTIN' TOO IMPORTANT AROUND HERE WITH THEIR CATTLE I BEIN' AS HOW RAY AND ME ARE RESPECTABLE! CATTLEMEN, WE GOTTA EASE 'EM OUT DIPLOMATIC LIKE!

HERE'S THE DEAL, TOM--WE LET LOOSE A FEW HEAD OF OUR CATTLE INTO THEIR HERD, AN' YOU, AS A 'CATTLE DETECTIVE', CATCH 'EM RED HANDED! THERE'S \$2,000 IN IT FOR YOU!

COUNT ME IN, BOYS--WHEN DO I START PLAYIN' DETECTIVE?

WHAT A SUCK IDEA THIS WAS! WHOA...THERE'S A COUPLE OF HEAD OF RADIN'S CATTLE NOW! CRUICKSHANK'S BOYS ARE IN FOR A SURPRISE!

HEY YOU DOWN THERE! HOLD UP!

WHO THE HECK IS THAT, TIM?

SO THIS IS WHERE RADIN'S STEERS HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARIN' TO--C'MON, BOYS, REACH!

GOSH, MISTER, WE DON'T KNOW HOW THEY GOT HERE, HONEST!

PROVE IT AT THE TRIAL!



OBEDY THE LAW

LATER THAT WEEK, AT THE TRIAL...

WE, THE JURY FIND THE DEFENDANTS, NED AND BILL CRUICKSHANK, GUILTY OF NOTHING! IT WAS A CLEAR CUT FRAME UP!



YAHOO! WE'LL SHOW THAT RADIN OUTFIT THEY CAN'T PULL THAT STUFF AND GET AWAY WITH IT!



CASE DISMISSED!

HAW, HAW! WHAT A LAUGH! TRYING TO PULL AN OLD GAG LIKE THAT! ON YOUR WAY, CURTIS!

ANY I THOUGHT IT WAS A SMART STUNT!



WHAT'S THE IDEA, RADIN-GETTIN' ME LAUGHED OUT OF COURT? WHY DIDN'T YA LET ME SHOOT 'EM ON THE SPOT?

FROM NOW ON, THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO! NOW THERE'S A FELLOW DOWN HORSE CREEK WAY NAMED POWELL, WHO'S ALSO BUTTIN' IN ON OUR BUSINESS—SO GET HIM! AND HERE'S A BONUS BECAUSE OF YOUR EMBARRASSMENT IN COURT!



DEAD CENTER! POWELL WON'T BE A NUISANCE TO NOBODY NO MORE!



UGH!

FROM NOW ON, WHEN THEY FIND 'EM WITH A ROCK UNDER THEIR HEAD, THEY'LL KNOW TOM CURTIS DID IT!



SHERIFF—WHEN IT COMES TO KILLIN', I RECKON I'VE GOT A CORNER ON THE MARKET! MAYBE I DID KILL POWELL, AN' THE OTHER TEN CORPSES. YUH FOUND WITH ROCKS UNDER THEIR HEADS TOO, BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE I DONE IT!

YOU CAN'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS, CURTIS! SOMEDAY YOU'LL SLIP UP!



A MAN NAMED JAKE DALE WAS ALSO A NUISANCE TO RADIN'S CROOKED DEALINGS—TOM CAUGHT ONE OF HIS STEERS, SLIT OPEN HIS HIDE, AND INSERTED A QUARTER!

NOW I'LL JUST CUT A SMALL HOLE IN YOUR EAR, SO'S I'LL KNOW YOU LATER! HOLD STILL, DERN YA!



SOMETIME LATER, JAKE DALE TOOK HIS CATTLE TO MARKET! TOM WAS THERE... WAITING!

DON'T YOU RECKON YOU'VE GOT SOME CATTLE THERE THAT DON'T BELONG TO YA, JAKE?

NOT ME, CURTIS—THESE ARE ALL MY CATTLE!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

ANOTHER PEACEFUL SETTLER, CHUCK EVANS, RECEIVED ONE OF CURTIS'S WARNINGS!

WHAT CAN I WE DO, CHUCK?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MA! I TRIED TO FIND ANOTHER PLACE, BUT IT'S NO USE! I'M GOIN' OUT TO THE ROUNDUP! IF CURTIS SHOWS UP, TELL HIM I'LL SEE HIM WHEN I GET BACK IN A FEW DAYS!



MA, THIS IS VACATION WEEK AT SCHOOL CAN I GO OUT ON THE ROUND-UP WITH PA? CAN I MA-HUH?

SURE, WILLY, ONLY YOUR PA'S ALREADY LEFT - BUT I RECKON YOU CAN CATCH UP WITH HIM IF YOU HURRY!



HERE, TAKE THIS LUNCH, WILLY! YOU MIGHT GET HUNGRY ON THE WAY! I PUT AN EXTRA PIECE OF CAKE IN THERE FOR YOUR PA! YOU BETTER GET GOIN'!

THANKS, MA, WE'LL SEE YOU IN A FEW DAYS!



EVANS DIDN'T PAY MUCH HEED TO MY WARNING NOTE! KILLIN' HIS KID WILL SHOW HIM I WASN'T FOOLIN'!

GEE, IT'LL BE FUN OUT AT THE ROUNDUP CAM...



PETE, THIS IS MORE THAN I CAN STOMACH! WE'VE GOTTA STOP THAT RAT!

THERE'S A MARSHAL IN CHEYENNE, JOE LYONS, WHO'S JUST THE MAN TO GET TOM CURTIS! I'LL RIDE OVER THERE AND SEE HIM TOMORROW!



YOU'LL BE DOIN' US A GREAT SERVICE, LYONS, BUT IT WON'T BE EASY! CURTIS IS RUTHLESS AND ELUSIVE! IN SPITE OF ALL HIS KILLINGS, WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PIN ANYTHING ON HIM!

I'LL SEE THAT KILLER, HANG, OR I'LL KILL HIM MYSELF IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE TO DO IT! LET'S GET STARTED, PETE!



SORRY, BUT I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT NO TOM CURTIS - AIN'T NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

NO WONDER, HE'S GOTTEN AWAY WITH SO MUCH! EVERYBODY'S PETRIED OF THE SKUNK!



IF I TOLD YOU WHAT I KNOW, STRANGER, MY LIFE WOULDN'T BE WORTH TWO CENTS! I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' - NO-HOW! SORRY, MISTER!

THIS QUESTIONING IS GETTING ME NO PLACE FAST - I'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE!

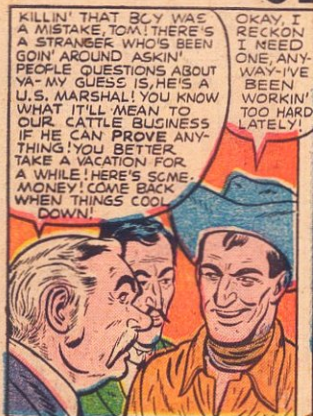


THOSE SETTLERS ARE SCARED TO TALK, PETE! I GOT A NEW ANGLE! I'LL GET CURTIS TO DO THE TALKIN' HIMSELF! NOW DON'T LET ON TO ANYBODY WHO I AM! YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME, UNDERSTAND?

RIGHT, LYONS, I GET YA!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDIENT THE LAW



WHY, THIS AIN'T TOM CURTIS-IT'S HIS CELLMATE!

LOOK! THERE GOES CURTIS NOW!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS GUN? IT WON'T GO OFF!

HALT, CURTIS-OR I'LL SHOOT!



OKAY, OKAY, DON'T SHOOT! I GIVE UP! PLEASE DON'T SHOOT ME!

YOU KILLERS ARE ALL ALIVE, WHEN THE CARDS AREN'T STACKED IN YOUR FAVOR!



DON'T LET THEM HURT ME! TAKE ME BACK TO JAIL! PLEASE DON'T LET THEM GET ME!

SO THAT'S THE GREAT TOM CURTIS! SOME KILLER, HUH?



I WANT A DEPUTY GUARDIN' CURTIS DAY AND NIGHT! HE'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

DON'T WORRY, WE'LL KEEP AN EAGLE EYE ON HIM!



WELL, TOM, THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE! I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY FOR YOU! IT'S A SHAME RATS LIKE YOU CAN ONLY BE HUNG ONCE!

PLEASE DO ME ONE LAST FAVOR, SHERIFF! LET ME HAVE A WORD WITH THE GUY THAT CAUGHT ME, WHEN I MADE THE BREAK!



THAT GUN I HAD WHEN I WAS ESCAPING-HOW COME IT DIDN'T GO OFF? WAS IT JAMMED?

NO, TOM-Y'SEE, IT'S A EUROPEAN GUN-SOMETHING NEW, CALLED A 'LUGER'. WITH THIS HERE SAFETY CATCH ON IT, IT DON'T SHOOT! ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS TO FLICK THIS LITTLE CATCH HERE AND YOU MIGHTTA KILLED ME!



WELL, TOM, THIS IS IT! LET'S GO!

NO! NO! DON'T HANG ME! PLEASE DON'T! I DON'T WANT TO DIE, DON'T HANG ME, I AIN'T NEVER KILLED NOBODY!



WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER KILLER THAT GOT WHAT HE DESERVED! AN' I HOPE THIS SERVES AS A LESSON TO OTHER WOULD-BE GUNMEN!

THE END

WESTERN WHACKIES

WAIT A MINUTE, JAKE, I THINK WE MADE A MISTAKE!

ABE'S HORSE HATES T'GET HIS FEET WET!

HI, EB—DID YOU ESCAPE, OR IS THAT JUST SOMETHING NEW IN NECKTIES?

WA-A-AL... I DID PLAN TO USE THIS PLOT FER PLANTING... BUT AH GOT IN A RUCKUS WITH THE MCCOYS AS TO WHO OWNED IT!

BUT AL... IT AIN'T A NEW FANGLED CANNON, HE WUZ ONLY GOING TO TAKE YOUR PICTURE!



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